

What's All This Fur? Cat Fur

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received
Telling the Plans

OF HIS BRIDE TO BE



DEAR: Did you ever wake in the morning and find the mist lying heavy over the whole earth, all drab and dull, and even while you shivered at its damp touch have you seen the first beam of the sun shoot like a silver arrow into the very heart of it, so that it faded in shimmering clouds, leaving the grass and trees and flowers all a-sparkle and such a joy in your heart that you had to sing?

Being a man I don't suppose you ever did, but the world looked all dreary like that this morning when I first opened my eyes till your letter came, dispelling the mists of distrust and fear and unhappiness and turning the world to sunshine again, so that every hour has been freighted with some new thrill of delight.

Confided In Mother

Perhaps it was just because I was so glad that I confided in mother and told her the whole miserable story of my doubts and what Dan had said and so forth, and she—oh ever wise mother—didn't scold me or blame you. She just smiled and said that she had doubted the same way, and it took a broken cup to cure her.

Dad, by the way, threw the cup down and smashed it to bits in a fit of temper at her "unreasonable" demands upon his loyalty. Can you imagine it?

"He said," she told me, "that a woman who expected a man to think only of her and to devote all his time and thoughts to her was as bad as the man who invested all his money in one venture, or a cook who would expect you to live entirely upon one article of food."

"Let a man talk and laugh and enjoy himself with other women and he'll come back the quicker to you," was his sage advice. Then he apparently lost his temper, smashed mother's pet teacup and walked out of the house. Of course he apologized later, but mother never doubted him again.

A "Reasonable Sum"

So, honey, I shall not expect you to live on one article of diet. I shall let you taste the joys of going about with other girls until we are married with the same philosophy that leads me to learn under cook's supervision to study how to vary the daily menu without exceeding a "reasonable sum" for the marketing.

It's funny that I never realized before how difficult good marketing is, or how few things to eat there are, unless you study out how to vary them.

At any rate I know now, and I'll never, never market by telephone, because cook says that's willful extravagance and awful hard on the family, unless they've been taught to "eat what's put before them and say nothing."

Seasoned With Dreams

My lessons in housewifery are nearly over, however. I have learned to cook bread and cakes and pies, to broil steaks and chops, and I have seasoned each one with dreams and with love till they were nectar and ambrosia to me, no matter how they tasted to the others. And I have studied economy and housework, and now—now I am to graduate to the higher class in this wonderful school of romance and start to sew upon my trousseau—start to choose and plan and learn the duties of a bride. And, oh, my dear, there is no girl in all the world so happy as I am.

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"I'm ready to believe most anything," said the stage-struck youth as he laid aside the paper, "since I notice that Sarah Bernhardt has commenced posing for the moving picture outfits."

"It was something of a shock," wasn't it?" asked the stage doorkeeper as he looked at the unopened envelope. "But this is a progress."

Our Messenger Boy Says He's An Actor

Say, I've handed bouquets to dames in lights and chased messages for lead-in men, but I never thought I'd get a chance to be a regular painted speech-makin' actor. But they say everyting



comes to the guy that sticks around, and last night, when I hiked around to the Fou Frou theater to see what they wanted, watche 'em.

The kid that travels with the company was sick, and I had to do his actin' for 'em, and I only had fifteen minutes to rehearse my part. The part, besides a pair o' bloomers and a sissy necktie, was, "Oh, father, leave that awful wine and come home with me. Mudder is dyin'!"

And say, maybe you don't tink I'd 'a' got away with it, too, if it hadn't 'a' been for Red's case! I steps out into the fake cafe like I was brought up on footlights from a baby, and I was half way through de speech and de audience was beginnin' to sniffe already, when I hears Red, about a mile up in the air in the peanut:

"Gees, fellers, look at Dutch!" he yells. "For the love o' Mike!" "Shut up, Red!" I yells back at 'im. "Watche tryin' to do, crab me act?" I'm sore in so many places I don't know exactly where I landed, but say, if it hadn't 'a' been for Red's—

live age, and we musn't let these little things worry us.

"It requires some stretch of imagination for us to think that we can work up any enthusiasm for the Divine Sarah thrown on a screen with a pianola accompaniment, but may be we can make good. She kept her figure all right after she became a grand-mother, and the shadow of it will be kept for the succeeding generations!" we'll never hear her sly voice again. Her voice didn't quite come up to the advertising on her last appearance here, but they say it is purely a matter of teeth.

"It's hard to throw the silvery tones over a bridge. But I'm looking forward to seeing Camille on a sheet with little notices flashing in between the important scenes. 'Armand Leaves Camille.' 'Armand's Pa Arrives at the Scene.' 'Camille's Pipes Are On the Blink' and other important information that will give the public the correct dope on the story of the play."

Shivery Stuff

"I don't see how they are going to work that pathetic cough into the play unless the man with the drums gets some newfangled instrument. But he sure can have a lot of fun with his jingling apparatus in the gambling room scene when the gold pieces get tossed rudely about. The mechanical piano can pull off a lot of that shivery stuff along near the finish where Camille croaks and I shouldn't wonder if the whole blooming thing made a hit."

"I'm looking forward to the release notice in the theatrical papers and hope that the film comes here. But knowing that Sarah has posed for it I have made up my mind to one thing."

"And that is—" queried the S. S. Y. "I believe that Sarah is in for an ulterior motive."

Stood Alone

Stranger—Are you the gentleman who caught a big, burly burglar and held on with bulldog tenacity until he ceased to struggle, and you were able to bind and gag him?

Gentleman—Yes. What is it you wish?

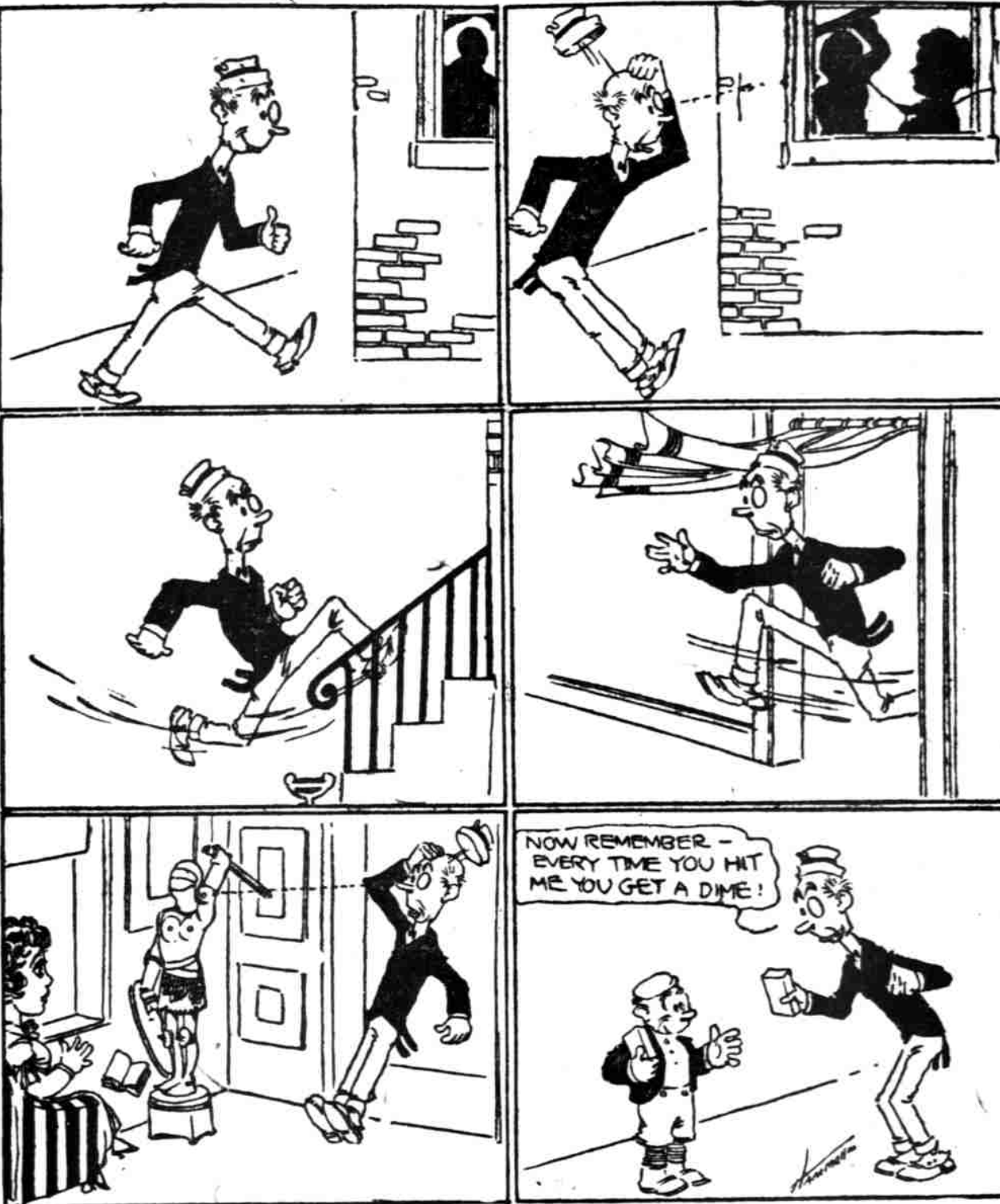
Stranger—You're a hero. If you would not accept an agency for some of the long-felt wants which we manufacture and which no family should be without.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

ALGY

Drawn for The Washington Times

HE ADMITS IT WAS "BONEHEADEDNESS"



Vest Pocket Essays

By George Fitch

—The Author of Siwash College Tales—

N IAGARA Falls is a small body of water stood up on end and entirely surrounded by souvenirs.

It is the largest piece of perpendicular wetness in the world and it is not for the noise made by the tourists and the hotel runners in the vicinity its roar could be heard for many miles.

Niagara Falls is the terminus of navigation on the Great Lakes. At a point within easy walking distance of 1,100 hotels, the Niagara river, half a mile wide, suddenly falls without any warning whatever over a precipice 154 feet high, forming the grandest sight in the universe, not excepting the horseshoe circle at New York Grand Opera. It is estimated that 600,000 people a year visit this cataract and most of them encourage it by having their photographs taken while standing beside it with an air of approval.

Niagara Falls was discovered by La Salle, who became aware of its presence while trying to paddle a canoe from Montreal to the Gulf of Mexico. He remained several months in the vicinity and came away without buying a single piece of postal card, thus making a record which has never since been equaled.

At this time Niagara was in a very wild and uncivilized state. Shortly after the revolution, however, the cataract was captured by the huckmen and has been in a state of captivity ever since. No cataract on earth has been so abused. It has been bridged, tunneled, navigated, jumped over, tight-rope and illuminated. For 50 cents one may ride up to it from below in a boat and puff cigarette smoke in its face.



For a dollar one can go down behind it in a rubber suit and feel of its ribs. Once the Indians worshipped it and called it a god. Now tourists ride around it in trolley cars and excursionists throw ham sandwiches in it as a boy would throw peanuts to an elephant.

Not only is Niagara Falls abused, but it is cruelly oppressed. It must turn the wheels of a hundred factories. It runs the electric cars of Buffalo. It cooks the meals of Buffalo on electric ranges, heats the milk for the Buffalo babies, does the washing and runs the sewing machines in ten thousand homes, and at night, when other toilers are in bed, it must supply the lights for half a hundred towns, while an operator in overalls turns a searchlight on it and exhibits it to tourists at 25 cents apiece.

All this in New York State, which spends \$100,000 a year protecting the horse from overwork. Geologists say that Niagara Falls will last about 1,543,000 years longer, but even geologists can't tell what Legitimate will do. Almost half the water of Niagara is being sneaked around through the power houses, and if it hadn't been for the pen of the newspaper man, which is mightier than the pull of the power hog, all the water would have been stolen by this time. Even now it is only a question of time until the name "Niagara Falls" must be changed to "Niagara Trickles," and when the great cataract will only be run on Sundays and holidays.

No Joking Matter.

Griggs—A doctor claims that some ailments can be communicated by a handshake.

Briggs—Probably he means the grip.—Boston Transcript.

Obscure Language.

"Do you believe that language was given for the concealment of thought?" "Sometimes, when I hear one of those men in a railway station calling the trains."—Exchange.

Not Seeking Fame.

Mother—Yes, I shall certainly put Gladys into some profession so that she can be of some use in the world.

Gladys—Oh, mummy! Need I? Can't I be just an ordinary woman, like you?—Punch.

Poor Man's Needs.

"What a poor young man needs is a thrifty, economical wife."

"You talk like an animated home journal. What a poor young man really needs is a rich, liberal wife."—Kansas City Journal.

Sound Reasons.

"Pop, what makes little dogs chase their tails?"

"I suppose it is economy, my son. They want to make both ends meet."—Baltimore American.

Urging Him On.

Slowboy (9 p. m.)—I'm—er—going to kiss you when I—er—leave.

Miss Swift—Well, here's you hat and gloves, but what's your hurry?—Chicago News.

He Drew The Line.

"I positively and absolutely refuse," cried the candidate with emphasis.

"Refuse what," asked the campaign manager.

"I've kissed all the babies in my district," he replied, "but I'll be gum-swoggled if I'll kiss Mrs. Astor's little puddle, even if it costs the whole suffrage vote!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Worth Keeping.

Lady—I want you to take this dog back. He is handsome, I admit, but he can't be taught anything at all, and is of no earthly use."

Douler (slowly)—Y-e-s, mum, I know, mum; but just think wot a fine rux he'll make when he's dead.—Exchange.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

She Doesn't Want to
Be a Fan, Because

LOVE OF THE GAME IS SAD



PROBATICALLY speakin', Belle, the baseball sun is settin', while the football sun is just pokin' its nose above the sportin' horizon. Barrin' the detail that it ain't customary for two suns to be on the premises at any one time, I think that's pretty neat, Belle.

Baseball's a great game. I don't know why, exactly, but nothin' but a great game could make men act like the men in the bleachers acted yesterday. In a last desperate attempt, Belle, to learn the answer to that bafflin' question, "Why is a baseball fan?" I made Bill take me to the game yesterday.

"And Bill," I says to him, "I want to sit in the bleachers. The other time you took me to a game we sat in the grand stand, so no wonder I couldn't make head nor tail o' what was goin' on. I read three baseball stories in magazines this week," I says, "and in each one the people were sittin' in the bleachers and the grandstand didn't get so much as a line. I want to sit in the bleachers."

"All right, Mamie," says Bill, "the bleachers for ours, but if a temporarily demented fan steps on your new hat, don't blame me."

So we sat in the bleachers, Belle, and there was about two million fans around us, all behavin' like perfect gentlemen—at first.

Give Them Time, That's All

"Why, Bill," I says, "they ain't jumpin' around or anything. Are they sick, or what?"

"Wait till the game starts," says Bill. So I waited, Belle, and the game started, and two minutes afterward two men were on bases, and from that time on I couldn't hear myself think.

"What makes 'em do it, Bill?" I yelled into Bill's ear.

"Love o' the game," says Bill.

"Well, just love o' the game ain't enough to force 'em to balance on one foot that way and make such terrible faces," I says. "They must all have relations on the teams. O-oh, look, Bill," I says, "there's a man havin' a fit, and everybody's too busy yellin' to notice him!"

Belle, he was grabbin' with both hands at the place where his heart ought to be, his face had the most agonized expression I ever saw on a human being in my life, and his shrieks above all that racket was enough to make your blood run cold.

"Calm down, Mamie," says Bill, "he's only rootin'."

And then, Belle, an awful fear came over me that if I ever got to understand the great national game I might grow to look like him, and I was that upset and scared about it I almost made Bill cry by forcin' him to take me home before the game was half over!

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

Paw, sed ma, last nite, wat a pipe. Are you returning to this pipe, sed pop.

Its the only wun in the room visibill to the naked eye, sed ma. I realize that, sed pop, but I want to know how intelligint humin bein' can possibly take offense at the aroma from this pipe. Its sweet, thats wat it is, he sed, sweet. I never smelt a sweeter pipe in my life, and if you say

Pew wen the delishus aroma strikes yure nostrils, theres sumthin' the matter with yure nose, thats awl.

O, No!

Nothing of the sawt, sed ma, my nose is awl rite. Wy, if I didnt have a silite kold, sed, I tink I shoold of fainted ded away wen I got the first whiff of those awful fumes. In my worst nite mares, sed, I never smelt anything like that pipe.

O, you didnt, sed pop, o, you didnt, well, I shoold say you didnt. I have smoked this pipe constantly for years, he sed, to give it the sweet aroma which it now possesses, and wen you stand there and make a face like I dont no wat and say Pew, I dont wonder that us men refuse you wimn the rite to vote. I took this pipe down to the orriss the other day, he sed, and every man in the place raved about its bewtful aroma. Heer, smelt it closer and youll rave to, I hate to see anybody wallerin' in the mire of ignorance. Smelt it real close to yure nose, he sed, I've smelt it plenty close enuff now.

Not Ma

Id be ashamed to have it in the back yard, much less the house, sed ma. Jest for that youll have it in the street, sed pop. Im going out, wich he was walkin' to the door, I cood smelt it plane for a lawin' wile and it smelt awl rite.

Sammy, sed ma, yure mother is a jennyus, and I sed, Is she, and ma sed, Yes, Mrs. Meers is kuming to kall awn me to nite, and sumthin' tells me we are goin' to have a nice lawin' chat without maskuline intrupshun.

A Lock of Hair; Or, Very First Love

He have a sigh, and she echoed it, sighs by side.

He looked nifty in his nice, clean uniform, yet in an hour the U. S. S. Manayunk would leave port for its cruise around the world, and if he wanted to keep his job he had to leave with it.

"Will you be true to me?" he whispered.

"Will you to me?" she whispered back.

For a man with no practice he certainly knew how to kiss, and yet, if he was her first love, how could she tell he was an elegant kisser for a man with no experience?

"Just a lock of your hair," he entreated. "I will gaze upon it morning, noon and night, and thoughts of the girl who used to be beneath it will calm my troubled soul as we toss in the turbulent torments."

Softly she sharpened her thumb nail, and severed a lock of her lustrous brown tresses. Without a word, but with eloquent eyes, she gave it to him. And his heart was heavy within him, as, half an hour later, he laid it reverently with 136 variously hued other locks in his ditty box.

sed ma, Its almost got me raving all-reddy, and if you dont herl the ub-noxahus thing out of the windo Ill hat to get the house fumigated. Ive smelt pipes befor, she said, but never anything like that.

I shoold say you havint, sed pop, its a pipe among a thousand and you awt to be proud to have it in the house.

Id be ashamed to have it in the back yard, much less the house, sed ma. Jest for that youll have it in the street, sed pop. Im going out, wich he was walkin' to the door, I cood smelt it plane for a lawin' wile and it smelt awl rite.

Sammy, sed ma, yure mother is a jennyus, and I sed, Is she, and ma sed, Yes, Mrs. Meers is kuming to kall awn me to nite, and sumthin' tells me we are goin' to have a nice lawin' chat without maskuline intrupshun.

A Lock of Hair; Or, Very First Love

He have a sigh, and she echoed it, sighs by side.

He looked nifty in his nice, clean uniform, yet in an hour the U. S. S. Manayunk would leave port for its cruise around the world, and if he wanted to keep his job he had to leave with it.

"Will you be true to me?" he whispered.

"Will you to me?" she whispered back.

For a man with no practice he certainly knew how to kiss, and yet, if he was her first love, how could she tell he was an elegant kisser for a man with no experience?

"Just a lock of your hair," he entreated. "I will gaze upon it morning, noon and night, and thoughts of the girl who used to be beneath it will calm my troubled soul as we toss in the turbulent torments."

Softly she sharpened her thumb nail, and severed a lock of her lustrous brown tresses. Without a word, but with eloquent eyes, she gave it to him. And his heart was heavy within him, as, half an hour later, he laid it reverently with 136 variously hued other locks in his ditty box.

THE KING IS FINE AS SILK!

WHICH KING?

STOCKING

THATS A BUM YARN

THE VALUE OF THE BANK DECREASES

WHICH COUNT?

BANK DISCOUNT

BETTER CASH IN YOUR CHIRS

PRIZE RIDDLE TODAY IF THE FIRE-WORKS ARE PRETTY IS THE ELECTRO-CUTE?